special issue / the new youth of germany
youth
JULY '69
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TODAY IS DIFFEREN

The bunker lies in East Be lin, not far from the Wall. I the moonlight its concre contours look like the silve blue hump of a giant whale.

In the bunker's innards, o the afternoon of April 3 1945, Adolf Hitler aimed t barrel of a revolver at his op mouth and pulled the trigge Hours later, advance guards the Red Army poked tired about the rubble of the Cha cellery, and the Third Rei that, in the words of its foun er, was to last a thousar years, died, at the age of 1

It is not possible, today, get very close to the bunke The police will tell you to sta clear of the desolate terra because of the unexplode shells and mines still embedde in the bunker's rotting body.

We didn't mind. We hadn

Background: This crumbling stadium was site of Hitler's rallies in Nuremberg. Abo The gate at the courthouse where the Nure berg trials were held is slowly rusting.

no single group holds more potential power to influence our world than the youth of Germany . . .

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All photos by Ed Eckstein

come to Germany to see reli
of a ghastly past. We ha
come to try to glean the shap
of the future by looking at th
present.

Our assignment fro
YOUTH magazine was to a
sess and portray Germany
new generation.

Why German youth? Wh
not British or French youth
any other?

The choice was not ha
hazard. History has a discon
certing habit of turning yeste
day's predictions into tomo
row's inanities — but today
facts and trends suggest th
no single group holds mo
potential power to influen
the course of the world th
the new youth of Germany.

After the Soviet Unio
West Germany is again th
strongest power in Europe. Th
German Mark has toppled th
Pound Sterling from the fina
cial throne. West German fa
tories are humming while Bri
ish plants are panting behin
Compared to the precario
social situation in France
West German society (
least on the surface) is a mod
of stability. The Germa

have no H-Bomb. But they, more than any other country on earth, have a cast-iron pledge — reaffirmed for the umpteenth time by President Nixon in Berlin—that an attack on the freedom of West Berlin would be regarded as an attack on the United States.

Right or wrong, the United States, since the end of the war, has increasingly come to look on West Germany as its more dependable NATO ally. Conversely, more American economic and military power is invested in West Germany than anywhere except Vietnam. The prime cause of this condition is the great power struggle known as the Cold War, a tight-rope exercise of the balance of terror that stirred to life even before Hitler sent the bullet into his brain in the bunker 24 years ago.

Germany today is an albeit truncated giant. Which way the giant will step lies, importantly, in the brawn and brain of German youth.

And German youth, the first generation to grow up free from the taint of the Hitler era, the first product of the Economic Miracle, the first crop of Germans to accept the division of their country as a fact of life, are on the march.

Where are they heading?

Thirty years ago, German youth were marching and looking neither left nor right. The name of their drummer was Hitler. In the end, they bivouacked in hell. The tragedy was there, for all to see.

Today is different. Young Germans don't goosestep anymore. The name of their drummer is MarxMarcuseDutschkeCohnBenditMaoKennedyCarmichaelKingChe. And that is just the first name. The drumbeat has no precise cadence and the destination is not in sight.

What is sure is what they march away from. They are moving away from what is. What is, is the system as they see it. It is a coalition government headed by a former Nazi, Dr. Kiesinger, and the former Mayor of Berlin, Willy Brandt, who, they say, sold out socialism for a title.

This government, in their

ackground: The street outside Berlin's main ain station at night.

eyes, is a satellite of American imperialism, supporting what they consider the American atrocity in Vietnam and practicing a mindless policy of obsolete anti-communism.

They see universities, born amid brave talk of intellectual freedom, deteriorating into vocational factories churning out polished obedient robots.

They see a monstrous power struggle—and occasional collusion — between the United States and Soviet Russia, and they turn in disillusioned disgust toward the Third World for hope—the broiling revolutions in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

They demonstrate for peace and justice and against violence and hypocrisy, and they fling eggs about courtrooms, picket newspaper offices, disrupt movie shows, occupy university buildings, taunt police, paint revolutionary banners, blast American libraries with tomatoes and rocks, roar heresy through bullhorns at street corners, outrage the staid German *gemuetlichkeit*. They rock the boat. They take it on the chin.

Because they are convinced the system is corrupt, they don't want to reform it. They want to sweep it away.

They enjoy more personal freedom than any other generation in modern German history but they consider themselves oppressed.

Radical German youth, well-fed, well-clothed, immune from the hardships their fathers suffered, are bent on revolution.

Not all young Germans are caught up in the movement. It is a small proportion in fact who are revolutionaries. The rest do their work, eat their goulash, go skiing, learn a trade, read the books the system gives them, do what their parents tell them, play soccer, listen to the Beatles, keep their mouths shut. They also watch TV.

But most of Germany's politically active youth, we found, are, in one way or another, revolutionaries, or close to it. And they are vocal.

They say the revolution need not to be violent. In their view, it is the system itself which is violent. And they are ready to fight back.

As in the United States, the oung radicals are shaking the oundations of society. Unlike he United States, there are e w channels of communica-ion between t h e establish-nent and the rebels. In Amer-ca, d e s p i t e setbacks and reaking machinery, the tradi-ion of democracy demands a neasure of give-and-take. The ld still reserve a grudging af-ection for the young even as ney fight for the status quo in erplexed vexation. American outh, in all its vehemence, nows deep down that it will e heard if not served. Ger-nan youth fights its battles ot only against a social sys-em but against a pervading amily tradition that insists on hildren being seen, but not eard. The German youth is old that Papa knows best. But e looks at Papa and he won-ers where Papa was when a ormer Austrian corporal or-ered the bombing of Rotter-am and the annihilation of ne Jews. And he doubts that apa knows best. He's won-ering if Papa knows anything.

Getting today's G e r m a n outh into focus is like trying to paint a dessert in a sand-storm. We grasped at frag-ments of German life. From the fragments we hoped some c o h e r e n t shapes might emerge.

Background: Street scene in Frankfurt. Below: Beside the bombed out tower of an old Berlin church stands that church's new bell tower.

When I opened the door, the draft made the candles flicker above the Torah. The Rabbi glanced at me, in a friendly way. I tiptoed along the wall and sat down on the edge of a chair. I didn't know it at that moment, but I was watching history being made, in that small temple in Berlin.

The service was drawing to a close, and as the children began to sing a Hebrew battle chant, my neighbor, a tall young man, leaned over to me.

"This is the first time that we are having a youth service," he sa quietly. "The first time since, we since most of us here were born."

The Rabbi was of medium heig and slight build. He had gentle bl eyes with heavy lids. From th white skin of his face sprouted reddish blonde beard. His hand long-fingered, moved as he talke as if shaping the sounds of a pha tom orchestra. The Rabbi looke like Alec Guiness impersonating rabbi.

He was telling now the story Joshua and how he had fought

THE RABBI

. . . a stricken people, a martyred faith, rising from the ashes

ericho, and then he digressed to Moses who led his people out of Egypt. All the while the children azed at him raptly as his hands ainted magic scenes to the refrain f his words. He had left the altar, noving among the children, and ow they were asking questions, midly at first, then boldly; the abbi smiled, and as he dismissed hem for the night with a blessing, e knew he had won.

In his tiny office he slumped into swivel chair, and delivered himelf of a long, luxuriant "Woof."

At 29, Rabbi Ure Themal is the first of a kind.

"It was hard getting a youth group together," he said, in Oxford-accented English. "There are only 30,000 Jews left in Germany, and many of them are not really settled. They have returned from countries that gave them refuge from Hitler. They are here to reclaim some of the possessions they lost. They have been here many years now, but psychologically they are still sitting on suitcases as if expecting to catch a plane or ship. This mood affects

the children—they have little sense of belonging, little feeling of community.

"A child needs an anchor. This is why I formed the youth group."

He paused, searching for a phrase.

"I am trying to build something," he said after a moment. "To build something on the ashes, sort of on the graves of ghosts. . . ."

Rabbi Themal took off his yarmulke, folded it, and put it in his pocket. Then he put on a soft felt hat. It wasn't easy being a Jew in Germany today, he said.

"There still is a great deal of paranoia on both sides. The Jews feel the others don't accept them, and the others are constantly on the defensive when talking to a Jew."

He is conscious of being a pioneer. "I am the first rabbi developed in Germany after the war. There are several other rabbis, older men, but they came from other countries. I have been here all the time. . . ."

He was a baby when the war began. His father had died before Themal was born. His mother carried him through the horror of war and persecution.

"German friends hid us from the Gestapo," he said softly. "Everyday for five years, they risked their lives for us. They gave us false identity papers, they gave us food, they did everything they could.

"In the end, we were one of only seven Jewish families who survived in Berlin. And if it were not for those decent, brave Germans, I would not be alive."

He had started out as a journalist. But he felt he could spread his ideas better as a rabbi.

"I felt that God had spared me for a purpose," he said, simply. "I felt I had to do what I could to heal wounds. And to build."

He studied, first in German schools, then obtained his rabbinical degree in London.

Many people, he said, had asked him over the years why he chose

in germany there's a new wind blowing . . .

ive in Germany after the Nazi horror.

"I tell them, a Jew, like anyone else, has a right to live anywhere. I believe there is a need for a man like me in Germany today—a young man with new ideas. Yes," he smiled, "I do have a lot of self-confidence because I've been up against it, you know, and survived. I'm not afraid of anything anymore —how could I be?"

His new ways had shocked the older Jews. When he told the young people to call him Ure instead of Rabbi Themal, the congregational elders were outraged. A rabbi, they said, must have dignity and respect.

"But I feel that if I don't command respect as Ure, I don't command respect, period.

"There also was a bit of fuss when I preached at Protestant and Catholic churches in full gown. The old people said it couldn't be done. But I did it anyway. Now, the older Protestants and Catholics didn't exactly cheer, either. But the young people loved it.

"You see, I don't flatter them. I tell the old people they have got to listen to the young. That is one of the big barriers in Germany, the refusal of the older generation to admit that the young may have something. The barrier must come down. . . ."

There was a new wind blowing in Germany, the Rabbi said. The young people were the new wind.

"It's a great thing. I like it. This country, this world needs it.

"The danger is that this is a land of extremes. The German hates extremely and loves extremely. And somehow, he doesn't know the art of compromise. Since every German thinks he is right, there are head-on crashes. And when things go wrong, the German looks for scapegoats. It used to be the Jews. Next? Who knows? It could be the foreign laborers. It could be the Communists. Or, it could be the young people,

the students.

"The German is still struggling to come to terms with the recent past. The youth are asking questions and the older generation doesn't know how to answer, or doesn't want to answer. . . ."

Here, the Rabbi said, the Jew can do a service.

"We are the only ones who can give a straight account of the recent past. Not with a spirit of vengeance, but a spirit of honesty. We were there. And we have nothing to hide. We can tell it straight."

He was trying to do just that, he said. He would keep working and praying with the young. He said he hoped he could help keep the new wind from destroying the good while blowing away the bad.

After the youth service in the Berlin temple, a small cluster of teenagers lingered in the corridor. I asked them what it was like for them in Germany.

The answers came slowly. "How do you mean?" "It's like anywhere else." "It's just like being Catholic or Protestant." "Anti-semitism? Oh, a little, here and there. But the Nazis are gone. We're people like everybody else."

"That's not true." The girl with the woolen scarf about her head had listened in silence. Now she spoke.

"It's not true and you know it. We are not like everybody else. They won't let us be—be normal. You all know it."

Then, suddenly, they all talked at once.

"Yes, they make us different. . . ."

"They treat us as if we were strange birds, in school. . . ."

"They are so afraid of appearing

i tell the old people they must listen to the young

anti-semitic, they go the other way."

"My teacher never asks me a hard problem in class because she is afraid I won't know the answer and I'll think she has it in for me because I'm Jewish. . . ."

"But deep down they don't like us because perhaps we remind them of something they did and are trying to forget. . . ."

"Well, I don't like to be singled out. I want no favors. . . ."

"Can I help it if I remind them of crimes?"

The girl with the scarf took me aside.

"You are writing about young people in Germany, yes? Well, please write down that many young Germans are becoming anti-semitic because the old people make them so, by the way they treat the Jewish kids.

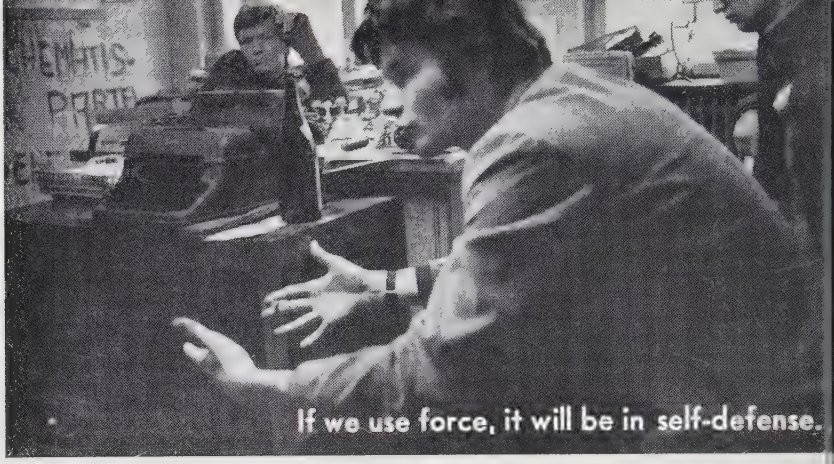
"For example, you sit in a classroom with all the other students. The teacher starts talking about the Third Reich and the concentration camps. She tells about the murders the older generation committed, and she looks at me and all the other kids look at me, and they know that perhaps some of their parents helped kill the Jews or did nothing to help them. And the kids feel embarrassed. They resent being told the same thing over and over. I remind them of something they are ashamed of and so they resent me."

It was not good, she said. She just wanted to be left alone to grow up and have a home and be proud to be a Jew. "But I don't want to be treated like a dog with two heads. I want to be treated as a *Mensch*, you understand?"

There were tears in her eyes.

WE WANT REVOLUTION!

They are the first generation since the war. They have inherited affluence and a divided country.



If we use force, it will be in self-defense.

The new German youth don't wear their hair short and trim, but long and flowing or at least curling about their necks. They don't wear shorts and white shirts with natty daggers at their hips but dungarees and sweaters, and their weapons, mainly, are ideas and bullhorns.

They salute nobody.

There is an attic on the fifth floor of a brownstone house in Frankfurt. It is the headquarters of the SDS, which stands for Socialist Democratic Students.

The SDS is the spearhead of Germany's student protest movement. There are in all of West Germany no more than 4000 SDS members. But their influence dwarfs their numbers. They are the leaders and the shock troops.

One of the SDS men to see in Frankfurt is Dieter Reichardt. He received me with cool politeness. He is blond, blue-eyed and tough, bearing a slight resemblance to the late James Dean. The scent of newsprint and paper wafted from an adjoining room where a teen-age boy was working a mimeograph machine. From the walls stared images of Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara. There were streamers like "Death to the American Invaders—Support the National Liberation Front," and "Take the fight out of the courts and into the factories."

A couple of other SDS men joined our conversation after a while, but Reichardt did most of the talking.

"There is one thing it is important for you to understand," he told me, sitting at his huge wooden desk. "We are not a reform movement. We are not interested in reform. We want revolution.

"Reform, you see, would mean retaining the system. We don't want to retain it. We want to remove it. We want no part of it.

"Now, our revolution does not have to be a violent overthrow. We do not like violence. But we know enough of history to realize that no system, no establishment, relinquishes power peacefully. And so, it will be the establishment which will

use force. It will go to any length to maintain the status quo. If we use force, it will be self-defense."

What, I asked, had embittered the SDS against the system?

The lies, the hypocrisy, he said. The movement had started six years ago in the universities, seeking a greater voice for the students. That fight, he said, was still going on. But it had spread beyond the schools.

"We are told that we are living in a democratic society. But whom do we have at the top? Herr Kiesinger, a former Nazi. We are told that we are an independent country. Yet we have as our foreign minister Herr Willy Brandt who supports the American aggression and genocide against the people of Viet Nam."

How would the revolution be accomplished?

"By education and action. We know we are a small minority, we know we are weak. Our main task is to show the workers in the factories that they have been brainwashed into accepting capitalistic exploitation as a normal thing. That is why we are sending comrades into the plants.

"It is very difficult. We need the workers and we need the soldiers. We are preaching to the soldiers wherever we can. We urge them to do as the GIs have done, those who went to Sweden. Desert."

The difficulty in reaching workers and soldiers lies in the social gap between the students and the "proletariat," he said.

"We are basically middle class people. I am middle class—though I'm trying to forget it. My friends here are middle class. We could wear good clothes, collar and tie. We freely choose not to. We choose to identify with the laboring masses. We try to live like them, dress like them, talk like them.

"You have to do this in order to be able to communicate with them."

If the revolution succeeds, I wondered, what will life be like?

Reichardt smiled. "Everybody asks that. You want to know the truth? We don't know. Not exactly. I can't give you a blueprint of a new world. I—we in the movement—know that what is now is untenable, intolerable. The exploitation, the violence, the imperialism, the cultural paucity. If we wipe this out, don't you think that's enough for the time being?"

The discussion drifted over to Reichardt's companions. They became caught up in a complex debate featuring dialectical materialism a la Karl Marx, the teachings of Herbert Marcuse, and the methods of the Black Panthers in the United States.

"We have learned something from your civil rights movement," Reichardt said to me, as I prepared to leave. "Martin Luther King tried reason and non-violence. He is dead. Frankly, the Black Panthers impress me more."

Rain poured from a leaden sky that Sunday morning.

The Frankfurt SDS, as Reichardt had genially tipped me off, were having a demonstration.

Some 30 youths had gathered at the Hauptbahnhof waiting for the bus to depart for a tiny village 20 miles east of the city.

I asked one of the students what the demonstration was to be about.

"Oh," he said. "It's about some teacher. He told his pupils they shouldn't have to attend religious instruction in school if they didn't want to. Well, the parents and the Catholic Church made a fuss and the teacher has been suspended. We're demonstrating for separation of church and state, I think."

I asked who had supplied the bus. The SDS man laughed.

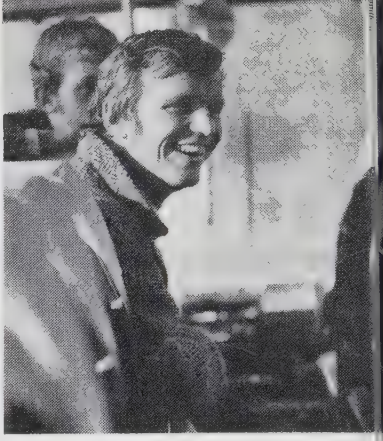
"The establishment, of course. All public transportation is owned by the state. So we are using a government vehicle to protest against the government. It is ironical, yes?"

I agreed it certainly seemed so.

The bus ride was a joyous affair. The students, in high spirits, sang "The Red Flag," the "International" and something by the Beatles. Some had packed sandwiches along with the bull horns and generously shared the food with those less richly endowed.

The bus stopped a couple of blocks from the church in the main square. The demonstrators jumped out into the rain. Curious faces watched from the windows of gingerbread houses as they passed.

The students had now reached the square, dominated by the



church. Faint organ music drift through the church door.

"All right, comrades," Reichar said, mounting the church steps, " we go."

The door was locked. As he tri to turn the heavy knob this way a that, a small army of umbrell appeared from around the corn Beneath the umbrellas were middl aged male faces, set in determin lines.

"The guardians of the spirit," heard a student chuckle. "Som body told them we'd be here."

Meanwhile, too, some hundr curious villagers were braving t rain and the muck to see what t trouble was.

There was some shoving at t church door. A student tried t speak through the bullhorn and fat burgher tried to knock it fro his mouth. The SDS efficient formed a circle about the speaker.

"It is one of the fundamentals freedom to worship," the speak shouted. There was a rumble public approval.

We have a right to speak and demonstrate. It is our basic law.

"And not to worship."

There were boos from the crowd.

Reichardt took over the bullhorn. "Citizens," he roared. "It is time to wake up, to think. We have had enough of all this stupefication, this brainwashing. . ."

From on high came the sound of bells. Musical and deafening.

Reichardt stopped. The bells stopped. He started to speak. The bells resumed.

"I can see the headline in tomorrow's paper," a student exulted. "Minister defends himself with church bells."

The crowd was turning ugly.

A beefy man with water dripping from his hat pushed his way toward the students. "Get out of here," he hissed. "Get out before something happens to you."

He shoved his bulk against a couple of students who had linked hands. The students held firm. A couple of other men joined in the fray. Some of the villagers called for the police who were nowhere in sight.

An elderly woman flung herse between the students and the men.

"Stop it," she cried. "This is n way. We've had too much of thi this fighting. Don't you remember?

"We have a right to speak an demonstrate," a student said. "It in our basic law."

"You have no right to anything you snot nose," the beefy ma shouted. "There was a time yo couldn't have done this . . ."

There were some boos at that.

"I am talking about law and or der," the man shouted. "What d these young punks know?"

A youngish man said quietly "Maybe we should listen to them You old people didn't do so well."

As the noise swelled, the bell boomed out again, reducing th heated debate to a frantic panto mime. I watched the faces of th old. They showed fear, suspicio and hate. It was an ugly sight.

There were three or four news papermen taking notes. The sigh infuriated the beefy man and hi companions.

"You have no right to report this in the paper," a thin, intense man yelled. "It is a shame."

One of the journalists said calmly that he had, indeed, every right to do his job. It was in the Federal Constitution.

"This couldn't have happened 20 years ago," the thin man spat. "It makes one wish to turn back the clock. At least we had some discipline . . ."

A pretty girl student, freshfaced and dripping wet, passed out leaflets with a smile. One man slowly, deliberately cleared his throat to gather saliva and spat on the leaflet three times. The girl continued to smile. "I'll be glad to give you a dry one," she said. He turned away, quivering with rage.

The service was over. The congregation left by a back exit. When the students caught sight of them, they jeered. "Cowards. Sheep."

Suddenly the front door swung open. The minister appeared. He was stocky, muscular, with blonde hair neatly combed. He offered his hand to Reichardt who took it.

It was agreed to hold a discussion in the church community hall across the street.

The debate began on the topic of the suspended teacher. After a few remarks it broadened into the question of whether religious teaching in schools was compatible with a democratic society. This, in turn, led into a debate between a student and an elder over whether parenthood should be abolished.

"What would replace parents?" the elder asked.

"The community," said the student, whose bearded gentle face resembled a saint's. "The community should take over children shortly after birth. The greatest crimes against a child's development as a free human being are committed by parent . . . I say, abolish them."

There was a knock at the window. It was the driver of the government-owned bus. His time was up. A student went outside and came back a moment later. "He wants more money. Another ten marks." Somebody passed a damp hat around. The church people donated as much as the students.

A half-hour later, while the minister was speaking, calling for reasoned dialogue and pledging the church's understanding for the young, the driver knocked again. The meeting broke up.

Outside, the minister and Reichardt shook hands again.

"That was extremely interesting," said the minister. "I would like to continue the discussion. Do you think you people could come back, say next Friday night?"

Reichardt said he was sure it could be arranged. Except, the SDS had no money to rent another bus. It would cost about 100 marks.

Well, said the minister, he thought he could persuade his flock to stand the cost. After all, religion wasn't just a matter of listening to a man in a pulpit.

"Good," said Reichardt. "We'll be seeing you. *Auf Wiedersehn.*"

At that moment, as if on cue, the sun came out.

Not all young radicals admir the SDS.

Hans-Juergen Birkholz, forme chairman of the General Student Council at Goethe University i Frankfurt, was one of the first t join the SDS.

"It was part of the larger socialis movement then," he said.

"We were attached to the Soci Democratic Party, the only powe ful group beside the conservativ Christian Democrats. We were reform movement, then. We trie to be something of a national co science.

"We knew that our system was fa from perfect. But in those days w were calm enough to understan that democracy in Germany wa something new, that we had to giv

it a chance to develop and grow stronger. No, it wasn't perfect. But it was better than we had ever had.

"We had freedom of speech, of assembly. We could choose our study. We were not passive, either —we had our demonstrations against the Vietnam war, against the establishment in the universities. We were making progress in making people listen to our generation.

"But then something happened. The extremists took over the movement. Now they are in power, and all they want to do is to destroy.

"They won't listen to counter argument. They are acting like fascists and the irony is that they don't even know it. By their tactics, they bring out the worst in the nation's character.

"You know, when the movement started, the public was beginning to come to our side. Then the extremists threw rocks at the police and threatened to toss stink bombs at Hubert Humphrey when he came to Berlin.

"Look, I'm against the war, I'm opposed to this system of capitalism, I don't like the present coalition government. But I resigned from the SDS because I couldn't stomach their dictatorial methods—this fanaticism, this self-righteousness. And the childish violence.

"When you came in here, I thought you were from the police. A couple of days ago, somebody smashed my office window, and I received anonymous threats. Of course, it's the SDS. The police are investigating. I didn't report the incidents, somebody else did.

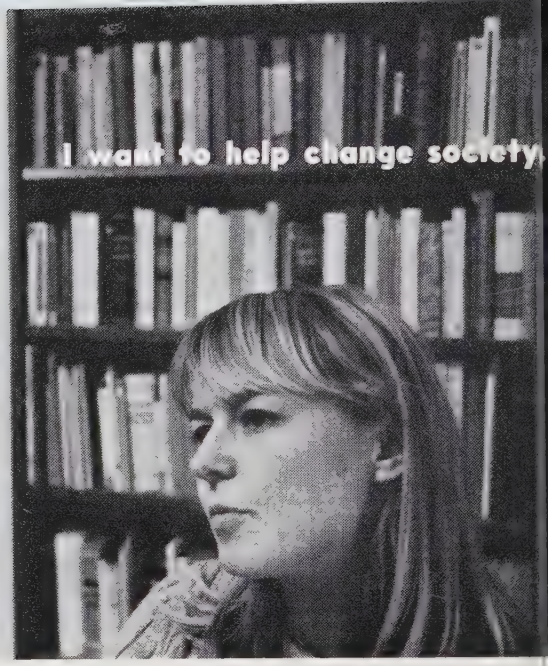
"I believe in socialism. I don't believe in anarchy. The SDS was a good thing once. It is a pity. The fanatics took over and that's the end."

He was studying political science, he said. He wants to be a senator or mayor of a city. Already, his small hometown community had elected him a council representative.

He smiled, a touch of bitterness in his eyes. "Some of my town people criticize me as being too far to the left. The leftists at the university denounce me as a lackey of the establishment. I am between two fires, you see.

"I have come to one conclusion. If you want democracy, you must compromise. If you don't compromise, you may get a perfect system. But it won't be democracy. It could be a perfect hell."

He walked me to the entrance of the university where radicals had recently painted over the words Goethe University and substituted Karl Marx University.



The Nazis would have liked SDS leader Sigrid Fronius. They would have liked her sturdy, graceful body, the bright blue eyes, set wide apart, the golden hair, the glowing skin, the apple cheeks. They would have made her a leader in the Hitler Youth and used her picture to prove the physical supremacy of the Nordic race.

The Nazis would have liked her and then they would have killed her because she would have spoken her mind, and her mind, I like to think, would have been the mind of a rebel, had she lived then. She would have picketed the Reich Chancellery, wearing an earlier incarnation of the blue sweater she wears now. She would have been sent to Dachau or Auschwitz and she would have helped some Jews escape and died in the attempt.

Such thoughts flashed through m mind when I met Sigrid Fronius i her apartment in Berlin.

The apartment was on the thir floor of an old house not far fror the Kurfuerstendamn, Berlin's ant septically clean Times Square an Broadway combined. The city wa throbbing with life. The store bulged with goods and people. A a street corner an organ grinde played "Nearer My God to Thee, off-key, while not far away a coupl of teenagers carried sandwic boards advertising a guaranteed al nude show featuring the sight o six "stark-naked girls for five Ge man marks."

Her apartment was one larg room. There was a double bec Above it, on the wall, hung a vas picture of Che Guevara. As I looke at it, she smiled.

"Now you are going to write that Che is our hero. But it is not so simple. We study him, as we study Mao Tse Tung and many others. We try to learn from them. But this is no personality cult with us. We follow nobody blindly."

Sigrid Fronius is a lover of languages. She said, with quiet pride, that besides English and German, she also spoke French, Spanish, and Rumanian.

I asked her how she became involved with the radical movement. She looked surprised.

"What else could I do?"

"Up to four years ago, we had the Social Democratic Party. They kicked us out because we wouldn't agree with their policies—their inaction against the capitalist system, their position on Vietnam, their subservient attitudes toward the Americans. Now, in addition, we have a coalition. This leaves us with nowhere to go except to the Communist and the neo-Nazis, and most of us do not like either. Then there was the autocratic situation in the universities. The colleges allowed no voice of decision to the students. They were turning into education factories, teaching students to serve the system, but not to think, to create a better life.

"We tried peaceful demonstrations, reasoned persuasion, but nobody listened. So there was no other way than to go our own way, to analyze the system and to try to change the basis, the capitalistic basis, of our society."

Could one change human nature simply by changing the system, I asked. Wouldn't greed and violence remain even under the socialist type society the students envisaged?

"The key point of change is domination of one human being over another," she said firmly. "That domination works on many levels. We can go in the direction of abolishing it. But capitalism goes in the opposite direction. It makes domination more and more effective. So we must abolish capitalism. When we do, we have diminished domination. We cannot abolish it totally, but we can do it step by step. We must do it."

But, I said, would man have greater freedom of expression than he does now? I said I was thinking of the Soviet experiment . . .

She bristled, impatiently.

"It is typical that you should speak of freedom of opinion. But it is more important to have the freedom to determine your own life, to be free to do what you want rather than just to say what you want. If your factories are organized democratically, and your universities, and if you don't have to pay for your apartment, then you can organize with all the people to change the community. You can determine your life. You see, that's the new system we see."

She said she had visited the United States, had experienced the Chicago demonstrations.

"I know what it's like when the system feels itself threatened," she said. "I was in that Chicago park with all the students, and I had to fly—flee?—or a policeman would have hit me on the head."

Did she see anything positive in the United States?

"What I liked about the American students," she said, slowly, "is the way they don't make a separation between the political life and their private concerns. Here, in Germany, many students are still two persons —one making a living or studying, the other taking part in political action. We are trying to change that. The American students already have this. I admire it."

What of the generation gap?

"I have read many books about the generation gap in America, and they say the young rebellion is the result of the gap. But statistics can prove quite the opposite. I believe the gap is the result of the rebellion, not the cause. Young people are taught in the school and by their parents what the system should be. When they see the terrible difference between what they have been told and what actually is, they revolt. It is a problem of two entirely different ways of looking at life. This is what creates the gap."

There was another generation gap, she said. The gap between the student rebels and the workers.

I remarked that the current prosperity of the German worker probably wouldn't make him anxious to revolt. She agreed, it would take time to make the worker see that he is being enslaved by the system, but, she said, in time, the workers, too, would see the oppression.

She spoke warmly of the church.

"Last February we organized a big anti-Vietnam demonstration. The authorities forbade it. We

marched anyway. The ministers, many of them, offered us refuge in their churches when the police chased us. And many Christian youth groups are very progressive."

I asked her what she planned to do with her life, later on.

"I haven't thought about it. My career—I was studying to be a teacher and social worker—that doesn't interest me anymore. I want to do what is best for the cause. I want to help change our society. And I will do anything."

She said it without bravado. I believed it. She had to leave. There was a meeting.

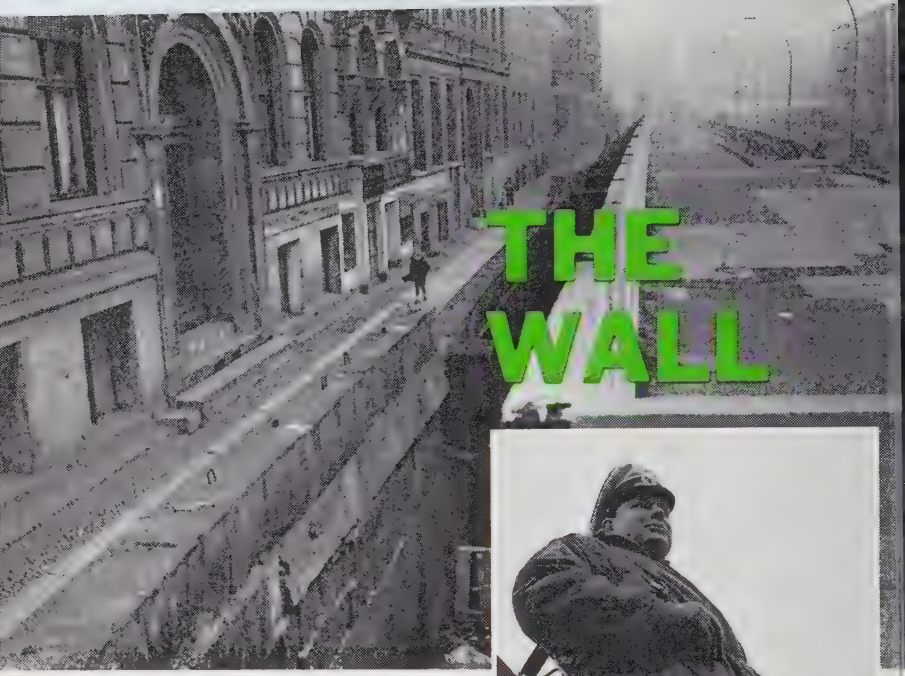
As she put on her coat, she saw me glance at a framed newspaper picture on the wall. It showed a National Guardsman, no more than 20, pointing a rifle toward the ground. There were demonstrators in the background. The scene was Chicago. "He seems so very sad," she said. "He doesn't like what he has to do. He is beautiful."

There was a small picture on her writing desk. It showed Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau with a pasteup of Karl Marx. "It's from the film Viva Maria," she explained. "It was about a revolution. I identify with Bardot and Moreau. Marx? I don't know, it will depend."

She put on a head scarf and let me out of the house.

I thought again how the Nazis would have liked her and then killed her. I felt certain that, if need be, she would fight to the death for what she believed.

I hoped the system would change before it came to that.



THE WALL

I think the students are right, but violence is no good.

The West Berlin cop stood on a platform overlooking the Berlin Wall. He was over six feet tall and heavy in the shoulder. He wore a peaked cap, a cape that glistened with the morning dampness, and a submachine gun.

He peered over the wall and motioned with his free arm toward the watchtower on the Eastern side. Through the drizzle we could see the still figure of a People's policeman. "They get seven days' barracks if they're caught communicating with us," he said. "So they don't."

Once, their conversations had consisted of small talk about the weather and soccer games and propaganda talk about the joys of living in the East German Republic.

"They started to tell me how

many advantages they had. So I asked one of my colleagues over there how many papers he needed to go to Moscow. He told me he needed this permit and that permit, and this travel paper and that. And I told him, 'Comrade, if I want to go to Paris, all I need is money. Just my identity card and money. That's all.' That ended the conversation."

He hadn't actually seen anyone climb over the wall to the West lately, but he had seen the bodies of two who tried. They had been shot by the East Berlin cops before they could touch the wall.

A few years ago students had dug escape tunnels underneath the wall. They were tough kids, he said. Now, the students were different.

"When I came home from the war, I went to school but my nerves were bad, I couldn't concentrate. My comrades then studied hard; they lived in the rubble, were hungry, and froze, but they succeeded.

"Students today are not like that. They don't know what real life is like. Mind you, their ideas are good —no war, no unemployment. But there are other ways than force.

"They have gotten worse. A few years ago, there was a demonstration here. Eight policemen kept 2000 kids in line. Nobody was hurt. Now, the kids throw stones. Now, I am a man, a human being, you understand? If you treat me right, I treat you right. But if you hit me, I hit back. I am not Jesus Christ. I don't like to do it, because I think they are right, but violence is no good."

A dog barked somewhere near the wall on the East side.

A LETTER FROM J.F.K.

The pub was just beyond the shadow cast by the Wall. It was dark inside and the deer antlers on the walls looked like ghostly fingers.

There was an old woman behind the bar, polishing the glasses and dusting the bottles on the shelf. There was a gap in the regiment of liquor and wine and in the gap stood a picture of President John F. Kennedy.

Next to the picture was a framed letter bearing the President's office seal. The letter was addressed to the woman's late husband.

"My husband loved your President," the woman said, pouring a short schnapps for a customer. "He invited him to come in and have a cool beer when he made that speech in Berlin. Well, the President did not have time to accept the invitation, but he had someone in his office write a thank you note and he sent a picture. We are proud of it. Everybody who comes in here sees it. All Berliners loved Mr. Kennedy. When he was killed, the people placed lighted candles in their windows."

It was an old custom whenever someone close dies, like a brother or a friend.

EB

We went into East Berlin with the Rev. Theodore Shapp, a broad-shouldered Presbyterian. His hometown is San Francisco, but he has been ministering in a working class district of Berlin for six years and his flock consists mainly of refugees from war and political upheaval. He had had a funeral in the morning, had taught a group of American and German children in the John F. Kennedy School. Now he was ready for one of his periodic sallies behind the Iron Curtain.

We passed through Checkpoint Charlie without mishap. The fame of the gateway to East Berlin belies its prosaic appearance: A couple of low, austere buildings, three railroad-style barriers manned by U.S. Military Police on the West side and by East German cops on the East side; a couple of counters, post office type, inside. The East Germans check your passport and the number on your camera. Meanwhile, other Vopos examine your car waiting outside. They do a thorough job. It takes some 15 minutes to be processed for a 24-hour maximum stay in East Berlin.

The Rev. Mr. Shapp was plainly enjoying himself. "It's something like cloak and dagger work," he said, guiding the car through winding streets. "Maybe I'm imagining it, but there is a definite change in the atmosphere as soon as you cross over."

We arrived at a vast square formed by huge buildings and suddenly East Berlin jumped with life. Long lines of buses marked "East Berlin Tour" released hundreds of passengers—foreign tourists, American GI's, French and British soldiers and airmen. Clusters of Russian soldiers, impeccably attired in gray coats and stiff caps, watched from the sidelines, silent, impassive, disciplined.

It was time to find our host. He was a divinity student: a tall young man with delicate features. He lived in a cold water flat somewhere deep in East Berlin, and he spoke with frankness and obvious sincerity. He had no desire to live in the West.

. . . but you can't criticize the system itself.

"This is my home," he said. "I mean to stay. You think everybody in East Berlin wants to escape? Well, this is not quite accurate. Many of us do not find life under socialism intolerable. Perhaps, in my case, it is because I have never lived in the so-called 'Free World,' so I cannot compare fairly.

"All I know is that life here is not as bad as some of your newspapers paint it. Of course, it is a completely different philosophy of living. The government here is based on the thesis that exploitation of one man by another must be abolished, that there is more to life than material affluence. Although even economically things are getting better, especially in East Berlin—something of a showcase of socialism."

The Rev. Mr. Shapp said he could appreciate some positive aspects of the East but wasn't the lack of freedom, taken for granted in any Western country, stultifying and oppressive?

The young man smiled thoughtfully. "It would be to a man like you. To many of us—why, we do not feel very much oppressed. I always speak my mind and no one has threatened me."

Could he criticize the government? Mr. Shapp persisted. "Could you say about Herr Ulbricht what Americans can say about Mr. Nixon?"

No, the young man said, it would not be wise. "But when you are building a new society, one surrounded by hostile forces, you must expect strong safety measures from the government. I think it is possible to criticize constructively—but you cannot criticize the social system itself."

The government showed little taste for persecuting or curtailing the church, the young man said. In fact, some Eastern church leaders sincerely support the socialist experiment. "The government even pays for the education of ministers in the seminaries in the East."

Who chooses the divinity professors? Mr. Shapp asked.

"The authorities," said the young man. "That's the rub, I'll admit."

Still, he would stay at his post. There was much work to do in the East. "It requires a special kind of Christian witness. It requires dedication, perhaps a greater dedication than in the West."

"I don't persuade him," Mr. Shapp said, as we drove back toward Charlie in the deepening dusk. "He doesn't try to convince me. I come here to keep a dialogue open. God's witness goes beyond social systems and politics. Many of us come to East Berlin. We don't spy; we don't preach anti-Communism. We try to keep some spiritual windows open—both ways.

"I can try to understand that young man," he said. "I can't share his views. . . . . You know what makes me shudder at times? How easy it seems to become accustomed to living without intellectual freedom. I suppose you can reach a stage when you no longer miss it. That's what worries me. Some of the people here no longer know what they're missing."

TWO SISTERS

. . . to get some sort of purpose

A young, attractive woman with rather thick glasses was cutting sausages for sandwiches in a small (four-room) club in a quiet city street.

Wally Seibert, in her twenties, runs the Club for Young Working People. It is sponsored by the Evangelical Church.

Young people, in their teens and early twenties, drifted in. "I'm so busy I need six hands and ten heads," Miss Seibert said. "We're having somebody from Indonesia coming in later to give a talk. The Indonesian embassy is sending over some native delicacies for us to try, but I still have to make sandwiches in case there isn't enough. Our members are the hungriest lot in Germany."

There are clubs like this in most German cities now.

"And it's about time," Miss Seibert said. "Not long ago, the church did nothing but preach. Well, they lost the young people. What we're doing here is to try and get them back. We are not missionaries. We just offer a place for young people to meet, to talk, to get a little peace and perspective in their lives.

"There is nothing more lonely and frightening than to be a stranger in a big city. Frankfurt is full of young people trying to make good, find a job, settle down, raise families in time. They're lost souls. Here, they find a home away from home.

"They can have dances, they can discuss anything under the sun, they can listen to records, play

pingpong, read. They meet other people their own age, they know they are not alone in the world."

I talked to some of the members. They came from all walks of semi-professional life—clerks, secretaries, library assistants, bookkeepers, a few factory workers, store salesmen and women.

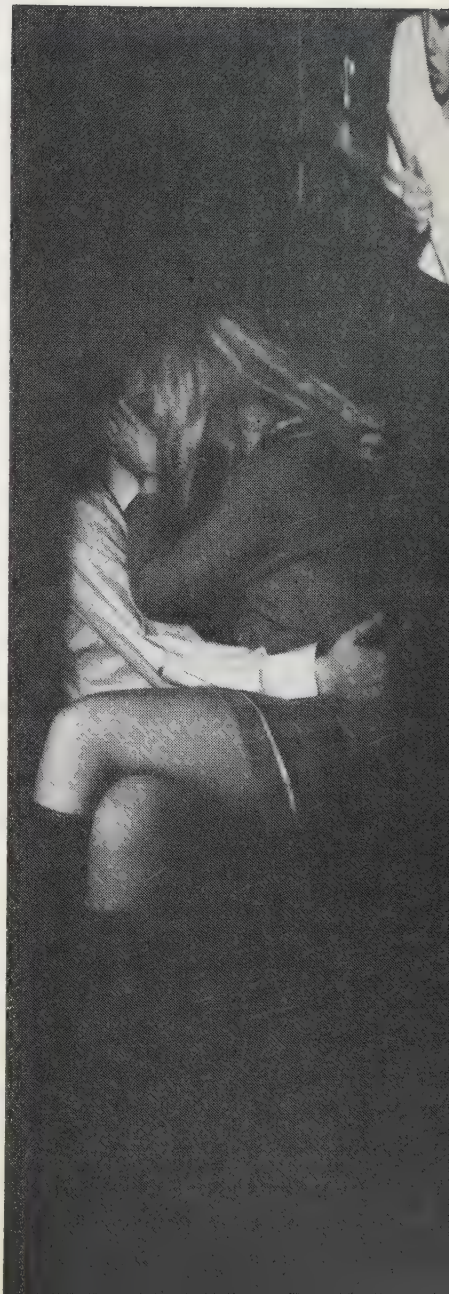
None of those I met had been especially religious-minded.

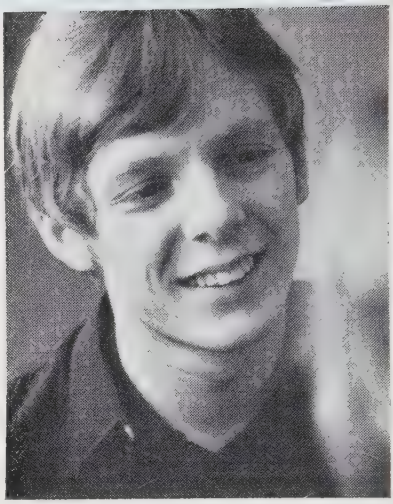
"But," said a young man, "I found there was something lacking in my life. I'm from the countryside, and I came to Frankfurt a complete stranger. Well, what do you do? You can't go to the movies every night. You can't go drinking all the time. You get bored, and then you may get into bad company. This club is a blessing. You know when I first came here— a friend I met at work told me about it—I didn't even know the church was doing all this. Now I have changed my mind quite a bit about religion. This is something I can understand—people helping each other live a better life, get some sort of purpose instead of just drifting."

Later that evening, we went over to one of the sister clubs which happened to be celebrating its third birthday.

The place looked like a subterranean coffeehouse. Rock blared from loudspeakers. Teen couples danced frantically to the beat, pausing only to slake their thirst with soft drinks.

I talked with two strikingly beautiful sisters—Monika and Brigitte Reccius. They are appren-





tice secretaries at Frankfurt's Biological Institute. At 18, they exuded intelligence and high spirits.

I mentioned the SDS rally.

Monika bristled.

"I know all about them," she said. "They make a lot of noise. But what do they want? Trouble, that's all."

"Well," said Brigitte, "I like their ideas, what I know of them. They want to change society. Perhaps it should be changed. . ."

"But to what?" argued Monika. "No matter what form of society you have, you still have to work for a living, right? I'd rather work and get paid and do with my money what I please, than be a Communist and have the politicians tell me what I can do and what I can't."

Brigitte said she felt there was too much bureaucracy in Germany. "That is why nothing much gets done to improve society. It is all that red tape that's killing progress. I am for greater freedom."

"Yes," said Monika. "But you won't get it if the SDS succeeds. They think they know what's best for you. Well, I don't like that."

She sipped at her Pepsi.

"What I really want to do is go to America," she said, eyes shining. "I hear everybody is free to say anything and nobody bothers them. And you can wear short miniskirts without people getting angry at you. Here, if you wear a miniskirt people say you're imitating foreigners. But I love miniskirts. I want to go to America, perhaps marry a nice man there and have lots of money."

Her boyfriend, a tall thin young man, sidled up.

"That's all you think about," he teased her.

"Well," Monika said. "You can't take everything I say seriously."

We talked about the students some more.

"I care about this country too," said Monika. "I think they have a right to demonstrate all they want. But when they use violence the police should arrest them. We're sick of violence."

"Yes," said Brigitte gently. "I wish the war in Viet Nam would end."

THE LAW

We only use minimum force.

The Berlin police are bloodied and therefore wary.

They were bloodied in a recent student demonstration when the young people took the initiative and, instead of running, attacked the policemen with rocks. When the ruckus was over, 130 policemen required medical treatment.

At the Berlin Police Barracks, a sprawling complex of redbrick buildings that once housed the SS, police officials proudly showed us new plastic shields capable of stopping a rock. They also put through its paces a Wasserwerfer —a water cannon that hurls a stream of water with enough force to knock over a man at 30 paces.

The police are stocking up on tear gas bombs and are studying with considerable interest riot control methods in America and France.

"We don't want to use force against anybody," a ranking official had told me. "We don't want to be feared. Just respected. The law is the law and we must uphold it. But we only use minimum force."

A young police lieutenant watching the Wasserwerfer in simulated action put it somewhat differently.

"I have only one wish," he said, fingering his night stick. "I want the scum to attack me. Let them come. We'll see who is the tougher. They need a little lesson in discipline. Yes, I want them to come to me. Real close. Then—pow."

The nightstick swung down with frightening force.

From the Frankfurt "Studenten Zeitung," October 6, 1968:

Suggested Equipment for Demonstrations:

1. Clothing: water proof, cushioned against blows, stout shoes, head protection (helmets of every kind), thick gloves, to hurl back tear gas bombs . . . cloths soaked in lemon juice against tear gas effect; adequate defense means. . . .

2. Identity card—be sure to be registered lawfully with the police authorities. This is important because lack of residence proof is a reason for arrest. . . .

3. Take along money, small change so you can phone for legal aid; writing materials, cigarettes, some food, reading matter, playing cards, anti-baby pills. . . .

the law is the law, we must uphold it.

THE NEXT SHIP TO AMERICA

Over at Berlin's *Maerkishes Vierel,* a government slum clearance roject populated by working class ewcomers from many parts of the ity and the rest of West Germany, he Protestant Church is running a outh club. Its members are rough nd tough. When we arrived, the rst sight we met was a glass door artly shattered by what presumably as a rock.

We walked upstairs and straight nto violence. There was a games oom with some 20 boys and girls in . A rangy 18-year-old youth amed Futzi had been drinking hiskey all afternoon.

In a realistic imitation of King ong he roared and picked up a ames table, flinging it halfway cross the room. A youth worker ied to reason with him and got smacked in his face by a blow that cracked his prescription sunglasses.

When the police arrived—three beefy men—they handled him gently, almost reverently.

Later, I asked the youth worker, a young C.O. from San Francisco why he hadn't defended himself.

"I don't believe violence is the answer," he said, through swollen lips. "I am here to prove there is a better way."

Several young boys crowded around us. Most of them said they thought the youth worker was right. I took a couple of them aside a bit later. They were hard-looking and alert.

They said they were fed up with Germany, Europe, the whole thing.

"You just don't have a chance in this society unless you have money,"

one of them said. "We are working class. But we are not stupid. We want to be somebody, wear fine clothes. But I am stuck in this lousy job, mixing concrete. It is hopeless."

"The only hope is to get out of here," the other said. "I want to see the world. But I can't even go to the other part of the city. I am like an animal in a zoo. Is it difficult to go to America?"

I asked them what they would do in the U.S. They said they would build playgrounds for Negroes in the ghetto. "A new type of playground —with bricks and wood and nails and wire, things like that, where kids could build something, do something creative with their hands and brains . . ."

I noticed a cloth red star stitched to the lapel of his loden jacket. I asked him if he was a Communist.

He roared with laughter.

"I'm wearing this because today is Tuesday. On Wednesday I wear something else, maybe the swastika pin I have at home. I find these things on the building sites, you see. I wear them because I don't want to be like everybody else. It gives me individuality."

Were they ready to revolt against the system?

"We are not against anybody," Red Star said. "We just want to live and see the world. We are not students. They can afford to march around and make speeches. We have to work. I'm saving up. When I have enough I'm taking the next ship to America."

"And I'm going with you," his friend said.

. . . a view of German vs. American students

The Frankfurter *Allgemei Zeitung* is one of the world's gre newspapers. In a country flood by the vast Springer press (pr establishment, pro-American, an student) on one side and a varie of papers controlled by politic interests, the *Allgemeine* stands o as a beacon of independence a objectivity.

On the 17th floor of the glea ing skyscraper that houses t newspaper, I talked with Guenth von Lojewski, chief political corr spondent and editorial writer. H had just returned from a fac finding tour of the U.S.

"The student revolts are simil in both countries at first glance the editor told me. "Both mov ments are looking for somethi new to replace the old. But the is a striking difference. The Ge mans discuss in order to discus The Americans discuss in order accomplish something. They a much more pragmatic. Even t most militant American students, found, have the democratic spi in their bones.

"But I think the German mov ment has done some good. T students are forcing the people

think politically, for the first time since World War II. They are pushing universities toward much-needed reforms. And they have given a boost to a new crop of young hardheaded politicians who tell it like it is.

"The danger is that the SDS is trapped in its net now. Because they have no coherent political basis, they have to keep up a continuous round of action. The movement is actually split into two groups—violent and non-violent. I think the vast majority are non-violent. But unless they can bring forth some sound leadership of their own, they'll lose out to the action-at-any-cost boys, and that could bring about a dangerous swing to the right in this country. It is, in a sense, a race against time."

Much of the young people's unrest, Herr von Lojewski said, is caused by lack of honest information. "I was in a university in Ohio where the black students demanded the hiring of black professors. The administration proved to the demonstrators that they'd been unsuccessfully trying to find black professors for some time, so things calmed down. In a comparable situation in German universities, the administration would tell the students nothing. And so the students would get mad and throw rocks. Here is something we should learn from America."

REACTIONS . . .

Irony Department: The students, intent on rebellion, want to convince the workers that they are slaves with nothing to lose but their chains. But from what we heard and saw, the students' most violent critics are the working "masses." A grizzled taxidriver told me the students should all be locked up or sent to Russia. A rotund maid in a Berlin hotel shrugged her shoulders impatiently when I mentioned the new generation, "What I want to know, where do they get the money? I think they are getting it from the Communists."

Among the most eloquent defenders of the young are members of the establishment they have vowed to destroy. Professors, clergymen, even some businessmen I interviewed saw much good in the rebellion. A factory owner in Frankfurt, whose daughter is active in the SDS, said the revolt "is the best thing that happened in Germany since the death of Hitler.

"What did we do that was so great? We observed the law. We kept silent because we believed those above us knew best—our parents, our leaders. You know what happened. You know why it happened? Because people like me didn't question anything. My daughter and her friends question everything.. They are not yes-sayers. Yes-sayers were our misfortune."

"Democracy needs criticism to survive," one Berlin minister said. "Unfortunately, we Germans aren't used to this. When should we have learned it? Under Hitler? Those who did, are dead. After the trauma of war, people were too preoccupied with sheer survival and the fear of the Russians to criticize anything. And so, many of our politicians today tend to be arrogant and insensitive. It is the young people who hold up a mirror to them—for us—and show up their stupidities and hypocrisies."

One high official in Berlin who asked anonymity whispered, "Thank God for the young. Without them, people like me would 'versteinern'—turn into stone."

The cartoons on these pages have recently appeared in major German newspapers in Munich, Berlin, and Frankfurt. German editorial cartoonists, like editorial cartoonists throughout the world, look satirically at situations both "at home" and abroad.

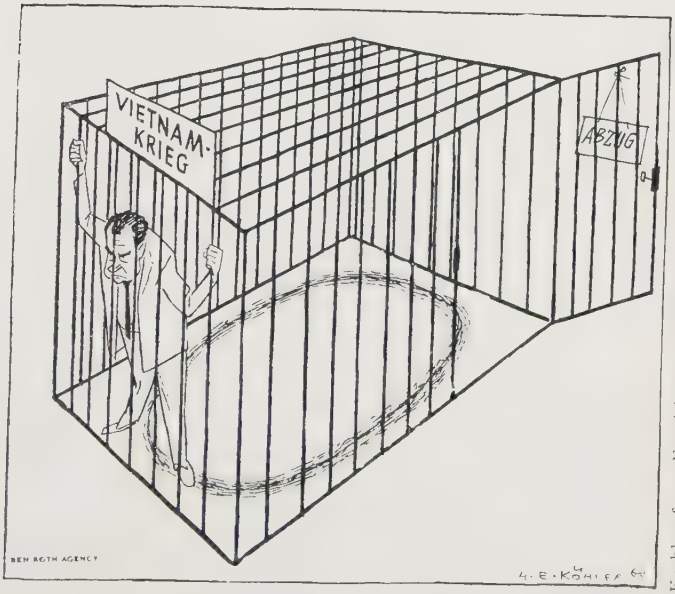
AS THE GERMAN CARTOONISTS SEE IT . . .

Don't be alarmed . . .
it's only a small minority
that's radical.

Koehler from Die Zeit

Well, that's why the Americans have no tradition.

Wolf from Der Stern



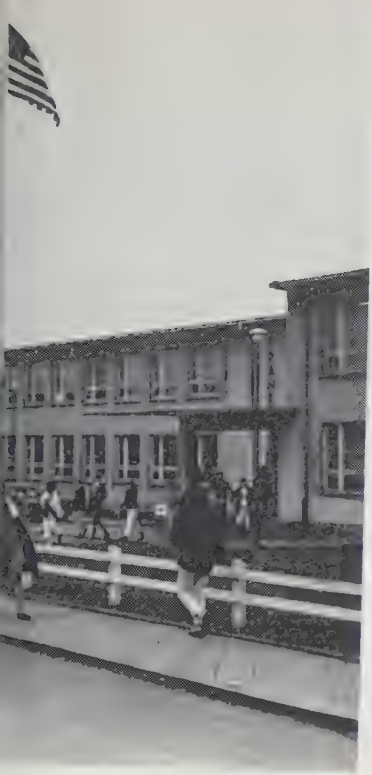
Koehler from Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung

How do I get out of here?

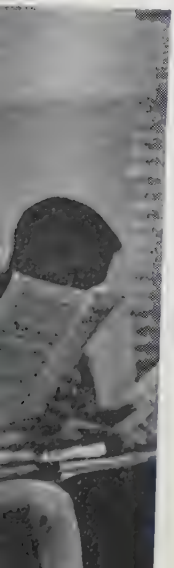
Frankfurt American High School serves the teenagers of many U.S. families living overseas. They are sons and daughters of military personnel, embassy employees, and businessmen living and/or stationed throughout Europe and the mid-east.

Strange as it may seem, most of these teens learn no German, make few German acquaintances, and rarely leave the confines of the American "community" in Frankfurt. Most have little or no understanding of the problems and concerns of their German teenage neighbors. For a more in-depth look at what it is to be an American teen in Frankfurt, see our YOUTH magazine issue of December 1, 1968.

THE YOUNG AMERICANS IN FRANKFURT



FRANKFURT



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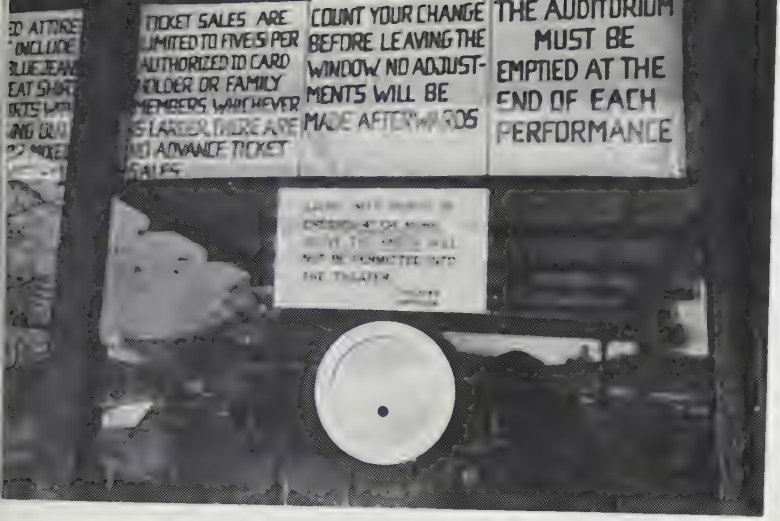
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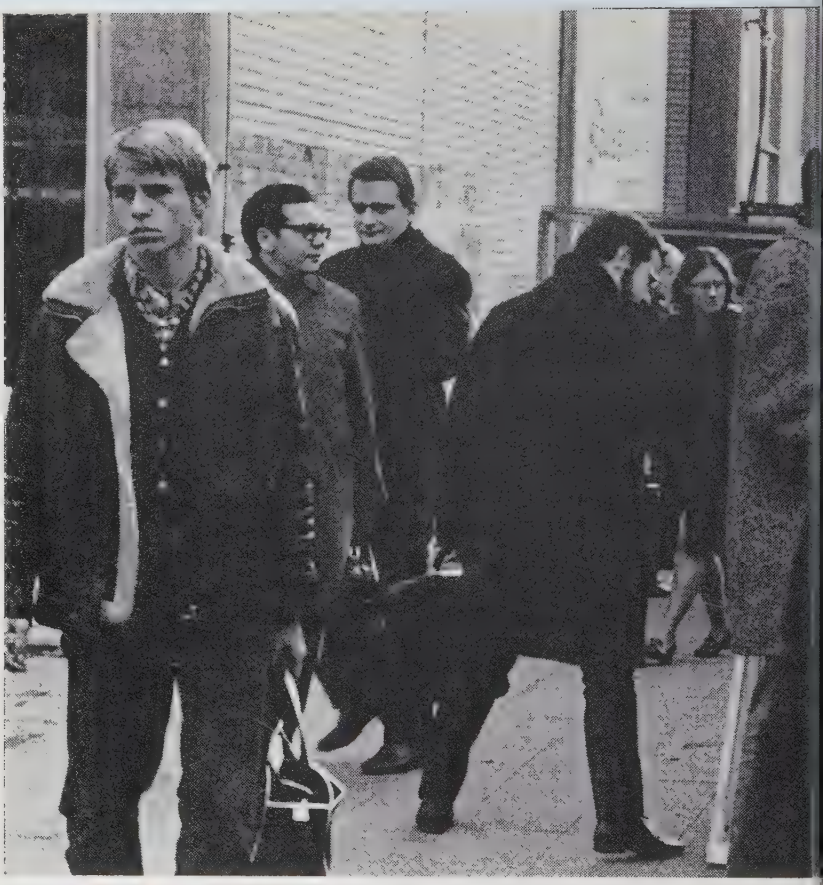


COMMENT

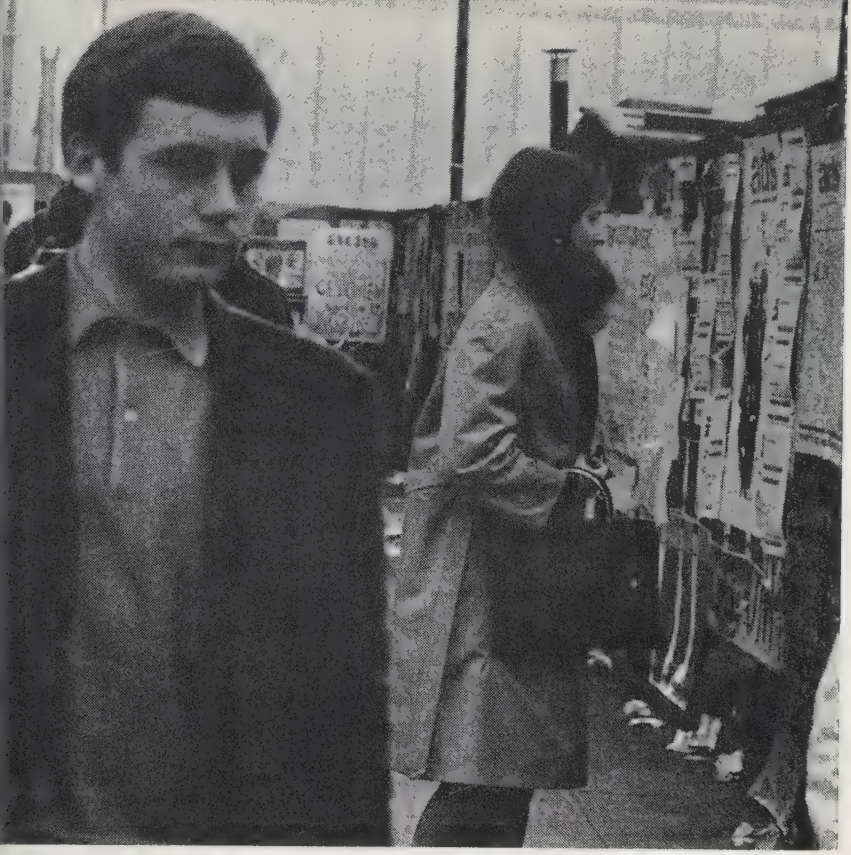
Democracy . . . we don't know what to do with it.

The lecture hall at Berlin's F University was filled to capacity.

A half dozen students sat on platform, taking turns speak into a microphone. In the au ence, professors and students tened avidly, making notes, rais hands bidding to be heard.

The students at the mike w attacking the structure of the u versity.

"We've heard the word 'refo so often, we're sick of it," cried



lond youth in a yellow sweater.

"The student body meets a undred times with the faculty. Agreements are made, we go home. And when we come back what appens? The same old repression revails here.

"They let us talk for hours, but hey do nothing. The truth is, the rofessors are not ready to reform he structure. . ."

A middleaged professor rose to is feet in protest. He opened his mouth to speak. The student at the mike shut him off with a contemptuous gesture. "Ach, Herr Schwan, just keep your peace a minute . . ."

The professor sat down.

A student next to me whispered: "Now you see the extreme radical students in action. Professor Schwan is the best friend the progressive students ever had. He is as liberal as they come. But he believes in democratic means.

That's why the SDS despises him."

A girl student, introduced as secretary of the student affairs council, took the mike. "I am pleading for reason," she said fervently. "We have the ear of the faculty now. Let's try to be constructive. All you've done so far is knock down. Where in God's name is this getting us, this endless negativism?"

Boos drowned out her voice. She stepped down from the platform, fighting to control angry tears.

"Traitor," some students shouted at her. "You betray us. We elected you to represent our interests and you're selling out."

A young professor stood up.

"I would like to say a few words in the young lady's defense," he began.

She glared at him.

"I don't need a defense," she snapped. "Least of all from you."

The professor sat down, embarrased.

From the platform, a student's voice sounded: "What should we do with professors who make agreements to our faces and break them behind our backs?"

Herr Schwan rose again. His voice was cold and sad.

"And what should we do with students who blackmail us by walking out when they can't have their own way 100 percent? Don't you see that the university will die unless we all compromise?"

The debate lasted three hours before it adjourned. Nothing had been decided. No minds had been changed.

"Now you have seen it," n neighbor told me, with a detach smile. "We have the form of d mocracy here and we don't kn what to do with it. We do understand the substance of demo racy. Each side thinks it is abs lutely right and that the others a absolutely wrong. So they ta And talk. And nothing ever ge done."

Outside Frankfurt University, lanky student stood chewing at candy apple he'd bought from t street vender. He spotted Ed Ec stein and his camera and stroll over to chat with us.

"We have no rights here," said, in answer to our questio "True, the government pays m of our tuition. But because of th the university is regarded as p of the national economy. It serv the capitalist system. Science serv the system, not the freedom of h manity. We have to do what we told. That's why we want to demo ratize our schools."

All the students he knew wa to go to Berkeley, he said.

"All the push comes from Am ica. We're always two years hind."

"The Soviet Union needs t cold war just as the Americans ne

he cold war," an 18-year-old brunette told me in Nuremberg. They need each other economically, militarily, politically. Anti-communism frightens the masses in America, hypnotizes them so they can't see capitalism's oppressive nature. Anti-Americanism does the same for the Soviet rulers."

Unrealistic? Paranoid? Perhaps. But this is the way many young Germans see the role of the super powers. And they want neither.

If the thread of anti-Americanism unites the young radicals, they share, too, a deep contempt for the Soviet Union. The Russians, they argue, botched their chance to create a socialist society. Bureaucracy strangled the revolution. The Party had betrayed the working class. The Party bosses had maintained themselves in power, the SDS claims, precisely the way capitalism maintained itself in America—through fear.

The Israeli tour guide was tough and young, barely out of his teens.

He'd pulled up at a street corner after the sightseeing trip, idling the big Mercedes. He glanced down the Kurfuerstendamm where the cafes were beginning to light up for the supper crowds and where, elegantly dressed and beautiful prostitutes were taking up their sightly positions in front of the gleaming store windows.

He was studying electro-engineering in Berlin, he said.

"They have good schools, that's why I came," he said. "I don't like the Germans much. They are cold and arrogant. I don't think I would like them even if they hadn't killed the Jews. They are just not my kind of people. They are suspicious of anybody who is not German. I have few friends. I'm looking forward to going home."

He almost went home during the six-day war, he said. But the Israeli officials had stopped him at Frankfurt and sent him back, saying it would be all over by the time he got to Israel.

"Maybe next time I'll be in time to fight," he said, calmly.

I mentioned the young rebellion in Germany.

He smiled indulgently.

"What are the kids rebelling about? They don't know they're born. They are just playing games. They should come to Israel. It would give them something real to fight for."

Earlier, I had talked to a young man who had recently disrupted a movie in Berlin depicting the Arab-Israeli war. "I and my friends just hooted whenever an Israeli came on the screen. No, we are not anti-semitic. We're against jingoism. And those Israelis are so arrogant . . ."

MINISTER TO THE SUBURBS

The Rev. Jay Stoner, an American, young and bearded, was wolfing down a huge piece of Sacher Torte late at night in the Berlin cafe. He'd had a hard day, operating a youth church group in the city's well-to-do suburbs. The minister had been in Germany several years. He spoke the language fluently. The young people had accepted him as one of their own.

I had sat in on the evening discussion. They were high school kids, with a sprinkling of students.

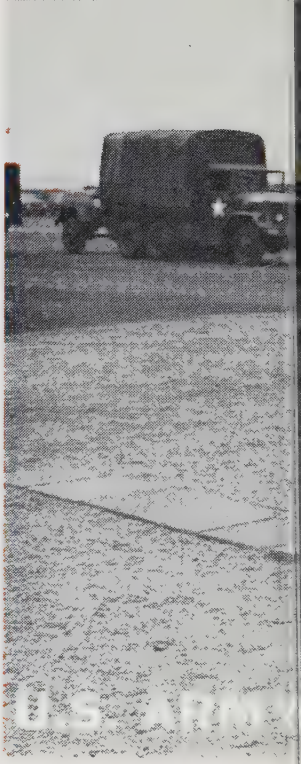
It was a freewheeling debate—revolution or reform? Violence or non-violence? Can you have real progress without overthrowing the exploitive capitalist system. There was no unanimity on any of these topics. The discussion had mirrored minds alive, probing, troubled.

"They are questioning everything we used to take for granted," Mr. Stoner said, over his coffee. "Don't ask me where they're going, those kids. They're moving in all directions. But you can't fool them anymore. They don't want to be told, they want to be shown. The church has to go out into the streets with them, to put its body where its mouth is. Or we'll lose the young. If we lose them we've got nothing."

Tell me, he said, after a moment. "How are things in the States?"

I said I felt Americans were making progress in race relations and there seemed to be a trend toward reappraising Vietnam. He was pleased to hear that. The bad news was played up here. It is not easy being an American in Germany, explaining the U. S. to a young generation that questions everything.

We're under orders to stay clear . . .



The Reverend Mr. Gasquet is
major in the American Army st
tioned in Germany. He is a mou
tain of a man with a chestful
campaign ribbons. He has hedg
hopped in helicopters in Vietnar
counseling GIs, praying with the
in the hills and rice paddies.

Now he is taking care of the lar
Episcopalian flock at the Berlin m
itary base, visiting soldiers in ho
pitals, trudging along with them
field exercises, mediating fights
the camp, holding services in t
handsome woodpanelled chapel
the edge of the compound.

The compound almost touches t
borders of the Free University

Berlin. Yet, despite this proximity, here is no contact between the several thousand students and the several thousand soldiers.

"It would mean trouble, I'm afraid," Major Gasquet drawled in his soft Southern accent. "They demonstrate. We are under orders to stay clear of them. No, I don't suppose they like us. Well, my guess is the men here would rather be home than in Berlin."

The guess seemed accurate enough. I spoke to about a dozen GIs polishing the windshields of jeeps or walking this way and that, in the mud around the barracks.

The kindest words about having to be in Berlin was a grinning, "No comment."

The GIs seemed very young and lonely.

The Army, the major said, was doing its best for them, giving them all kinds of recreational facilities from sports to pottery classes, but the men felt isolated.

"They feel hemmed in. It's a Berlin disease and it's catching. The Germans feel trapped by the Wall. Some of the men here are getting to feel that way, too." He chuckled. "And the guys who complain most about being stifled in Berlin, believe it or not, come from places like Brooklyn."

THE GYMNASIUM

The Gymnasium, or high school, pictured on this and the following pages is located in Berlin actually overlooking the Berlin Wall. Not all high school age students in Germany attend this type of high school—it is for those students preparing for college. On the next few pages you will find descriptions of four German teens, and a brief introduction to what it is like to be a German teen, which was written by Miss Mary Mead, an International Christian Youth Exchange Student from the U.S., who has been living in Germany this past year.

It's hard to generalize about any group people, about any country. There are o many exceptions, too many places nere a generalization could be com- etely false. However, a country does ive characteristics which are rooted in history. Take for example Hitler. In e German teens' opinion he was a natical leader who the older generation indly followed, believed in, and trusted. e's dead and gone, so why think any ore about him? But the effect that Hit- r left behind really is a determining fac- r in the German teens' life. The kids in ermany were brought up in the post- ar time. Their parents had nothing and orked hard, from the bottom up. It was lousy time and the older generation in ermany hasn't gotten out of the rut of ard work. Because of this the teens are little spoiled. They take a lot from their arents, and they take it pretty much for anted. They expect their parents to put em through college. They are basically ery dependent on their parents until they egin their own occupations.

However, I must also mention that it's ery hard for a teenager to get a good aying part time job. There are so many ds who finish school at age 15 or 16 ith Volksschule and Mittelschule diplomas nd who must work two years for low pay apprentices, that the kids who don't ork full time can't get good jobs. It is so hard because they don't have a long mmer vacation. Their year is broken up to a lot of two week vacations.

Hitler has also had a big influence on the relationship between the older and younger generation. Because the adults made such big mistakes in Hitler's time, because they realize that it's easy to be influenced in the wrong way, and because they had to make such big thinking changes after the war, they are now more open to change, more able to look at all the sides, more ready to understand and to accept the fact that they aren't always right.

The German school system is also a big determining factor in the teens' characteristics. They are given an unbelievably large amount of responsibility which has its advantages and disadvantages. They become more individualistic and more able to think for themselves than the Americans. They aren't so group-doing, group-thinking oriented. They also misuse a lot of their responsibility. Most German pupils flunk at least one year in school. All of this will have a big influence on Germany's future. I don't know in which way. Germany moves and changes very fast to fit the times. And that's very important in the small, complex world in which we are all living together.

"Volksschule"—a fast, but limited education for Ingeborg

Ingeborg Muller is 14 years old and ves with her two brothers and sister, nother, father, and aunt on a farm in outhern Germany. Her father's farm is ery small and run entirely by the family self. They have a cow, chickens, pigs nd grow all their own vegetables. Mr. Muller is one of the few small farm owns left in Germany, trying to hang on to s farm as it becomes more financially ifficult and trying to keep his family inerested in the farm. One of Ingeborg's rothers has already moved to Stuttgart find his own occupation and to get way from the farm. Although Ingeborg njoys the farm, she too is waiting for the ay when she can move to the city.

It's a typical day today for Ingeborg. he gets up at six o'clock, pulls on the louse and skirt that she will wear for a eek and goes down to breakfast. No ath today. There's no hot running water the house and Ingeborg usually waits ll Saturday to heat water for a bath. geborg's house is very clean, there are owers in every room, white curtains, old amily tablecloths, and old well-kept furniure spreading a friendly atmosphere. She ats her breakfast—toast, jelly, coffee—nd then hurries outside to help feed the nimals.

At seven o'clock she waves goodbye to e rest of the family and starts her hourng bike ride to a suburb-size village. Volksschule" starts at eight o'clock. Ineborg's parents enrolled her in the olksschule when she was ten so that she ould get a fast, limited education and art helping on the farm after her gradation at age 15. But in the meantime geborg has gotten other ideas and has decided to be a hair-dresser. She hasn't broken it to her parents yet, but hopes they'll understand. After her graduation she'd be an apprentice for two years in a beauty salon and then begin her career at age 17.

Today Ingeborg only has four periods at school. Most of the time she has six but today her math teacher is at the dentist and the double math period is dropped. Ingeborg likes school and gets along pretty well with the other kids. She stands out in a shy, awkward, farm-girl way but she is accepted. At 11:30 she jumps on her bike, rides through the small, windy, picturesque streets of the village and on home.

At a quarter to one Ingeborg eats "Mittagessen" (the main meal consisting of potatoes, vegetables, soup, and meat once or twice a week) with the rest of her family and then washes the dishes. It's forced homework time until three o'clock when the piano teacher drives out to the farm to give lessons. Ingeborg watches her little sister and helps her mother until 7:00 when they eat "Abendbrot"—a light meal consisting of bread, cheese, lunchmeats, and tea. After Abendbrot the whole family sits together in the living room, watching TV, reading, playing cards together, once in awhile drinking wine together. Ingeborg is expected to stay home evenings and enjoys being with her family. At 10:00 it's lights out and Ingeborg falls asleep in her three-foot deep quilted bed thinking about her plans for the next year.

"Middelschule" meant graduation at 16 for Ursula

Ursula Weber is 20 years old and lives a medium size North German town ith about 35,000 inhabitants. She is the oungest of a family of four children and ves at home with her mother, father, and er sister's illegitimate daughter who is ree years old. It is more accepted in ermany to have an illegitimate child and ost of the girls would do that before ey would try to get an abortion. Ursula ccepts the little girl, not as a niece, but s a little sister. Ursula's father is a acher in a public boys' "Gymnasium" nd her mother keeps the house going.

Today Ursula gets up at seven o'clock. he goes down to the second floor of her mily's three story house (the first floor rented) and makes her breakfast—tea d toast, soft boiled eggs on Sundays. er family doesn't have hot running water ther so Ursula heats water on the stove r a fast sponging. She tells her mother hen she'll be home and starts off on a minute walk to the train station where e'll ride a half-hour to her job.

Ursula was in the Volksschule until she s ten and then her parents decided to nd her to the "Mittelschule." She gradted at age 16 with a broad but conensed education. From age 16 to age Ursula was an apprentice in a library, arning and receiving minimum wages—out $40 a month. Then she took and ssed a test allowing her to go on to actical work in another library for two ars. She is now finishing these two years d earning $150 a month take-home pay. cause Ursula went to the Mittelschu'e d not to the higher high school, she will ve to take another test this summer to allow her to study for three years in a library school. After she's finished with this school she will be a Diploma Librarian and able to earn up to $250 a month.

Ursula works with people who are mostly older than her and this has given her an air of maturity, has made her grow up faster. In this way the working Mittelschule kids and the higher high school kids in Germany are distinguished from each other and really do become different types of people. Ursula never has a chance to meet "Gymnasium" (the higher high school) teens and so she spends her free time with old friends from Mittelschule and new friends from work.

Today Ursula works until 12 and then has an hour lunch break until one. She eats her Mittagessen in a nearby restaurant and then goes back to work until five o'clock. At five Ursula takes the train home and eats Abendbrot with her family —the usual; bread, cheese and tea. At eight o'clock she goes with the girl across the street to a "Lokal" near her home where she spends most of her evenings. A Lokal is a room with lots of little tables, lots of dancing, and lots of beer drinking. All the kids drink alcohol (mostly beer) from the age of 15 on. The ones under 18 aren't allowed to stay anywhere past ten o'clock. Ursula usually comes home between 11 and 12 except for the weekends when she stays till one or two o'clock. She has lots of friends, a job, and thinks she has a pretty good life.

Most Gymnasium pupils flunk at least one year

Joachim Sieman is 18 years old, big d strong with curly, shoulder-length ir, and wears a pair of steel-rimmed und glasses. He lives at home with his rents and younger brother. His father a business man, his mother a secretary. achim's family lives in a new modern ıct home in a suburb of one of Gerıny's big cities. He has his own small om with a push-away bed, radio, cupards with beer glasses, and posters all er the walls. His room is his living om and his friends—girls and boys—it him there often. It's very common in ermany for a girl or guy to bring his or r date home and to go upstairs to the droom to talk. The kids, like Joachim, sign their rooms into looking like little artments.

Joachim gets up at 8:15 today and ter a hot shower, has his typical German eakfast—black bread and tea. At 8:40 rides his bike 15 minutes to a co-ed ymnasium which is approximately the uivalent of American High school. Toy he has five periods; eighth year Engn, European history, second year bioly, third year French, and P.E. They ve ten and 15 minute breaks between e classes during which time Joachim okes in the school smoking room. His achers call him a radical and he disses violently in his classes. He's on e school board and is interested in litics.

At one o'clock Joachim rides his bike me and eats Mittagessen with his other and brother. He spends the afteron reading. He just finished a book on European history and is now starting a biography of Marx. Joachim doesn't do much homework mainly because he gets by pretty well without doing it. His teachers give homework, but rarely check it and never give "tests" in the American high school sense. About every two months the Gymnasium kids have two five hour examinations in every subject. These "Arbeiten" determine the only grades that the kids get. Most of the Gymnasium pupils flunk at least one year. Joachim is repeating a year now and won't graduate until he is nineteen-and-a-half years old. He likes the school system but is fighting in school council for more decision-rights for the kids.

At seven o'clock Joachim eats Abendbrot with his family while watching the news on TV. His father talks about his business, his mother complains about Joachim's hair. Joachim has very little communication with his parents. At eight o'clock he rides his bike to an A.P.O. meeting in a small, cold, rented room. A.P.O. stands for "Auber Parliamentarisch Opposition" (out of Parliament opposition). Most of the kids there are Gymnasium and university students and there are also a few adults. They discuss buying an old house and starting a commune, and also spend a lot of time going over and discussing the newest laws in Germany. Afterwards the whole group goes to a "Kneippe" where they drink beer and talk until midnight. Joachim falls in bed at 12:30.

To graduate from Gymnasium, one must pass the "Arbiter"

It's a beautiful late May day in Karl-leinz Habermann's life. Karl-Heinz is ie only son of an editor for one of Ger-any's top news magazines. He lives in a ig roomy two story house that his parents ontracted to have built to their tastes. arl-Heinz wears long bell-bottom pants, ellow shirts; everything in the latest fash-n and everything at his father's expense.

He gets up at seven o'clock today and as breakfast with his parents after a hot ower. His family has eggs every morning nd a large assortment of breads and ms. Today they eat out on the terrace ecause it's so warm. At ten minutes to ght Karl-Heinz walks to his nearby ymnasium. He is finishing his last year nd is in the process of making the very ared and dreaded "Abitur." The Ger-an Gymnasium kids don't just finish high hool with a diploma. They have to take test, the "Abitur," which is over every-ing they have learned since they started hool. This "Abitur" is made up of a eek of written examinations and a week oral examinations. Karl-Heinz' class has st finished their written part and are w doing a lot of repeating and re-arsing for two weeks for the oral. If ey don't pass this test they have to take e last year over again.

Most of the kids in school are barefoot day, some of the girls are wearing shorts d a lot of the boys just have T-shirts d jeans on. During the breaks they sit tside on the lawn and eat and smoke.

None of the kids feel like having school today and Karl-Heinz' class makes a deal with a teacher to give them a free period today and have an extra one on the next Saturday. The teacher agrees and the whole class goes to a nearby Kneippe to cool off with beer.

At 1:15 Karl-Heinz walks home to Mittagessen. He and his mother eat meat every day and drink wine every two or three days. His father eats in his office. At 2:30 Karl-Heinz walks 15 minutes to the train station and then rides 20 minutes to a club where he has horseback riding lessons twice a week. He's been riding since he was 13 and is very good. He spends his afternoon there riding and helping with the horses. Then he comes home to eat Abendbrot and watch the news on TV with the family. At eight o'clock Karl-Heinz walks to the school for philosophy club which he takes once a week. They're reading Faust now and he finds it really interesting.

School will be over the last day of May for the "Abitur" class. The first two weeks of June Karl-Heinz will be in Southern Italy with his parents and when he comes back he'll hitch-hike through Europe with friends until he starts at the University in October. He doesn't need to work—his father will take care of all of his expenses until he's through with university. Karl-Heinz enjoys life—after all, he's only young once. ▼

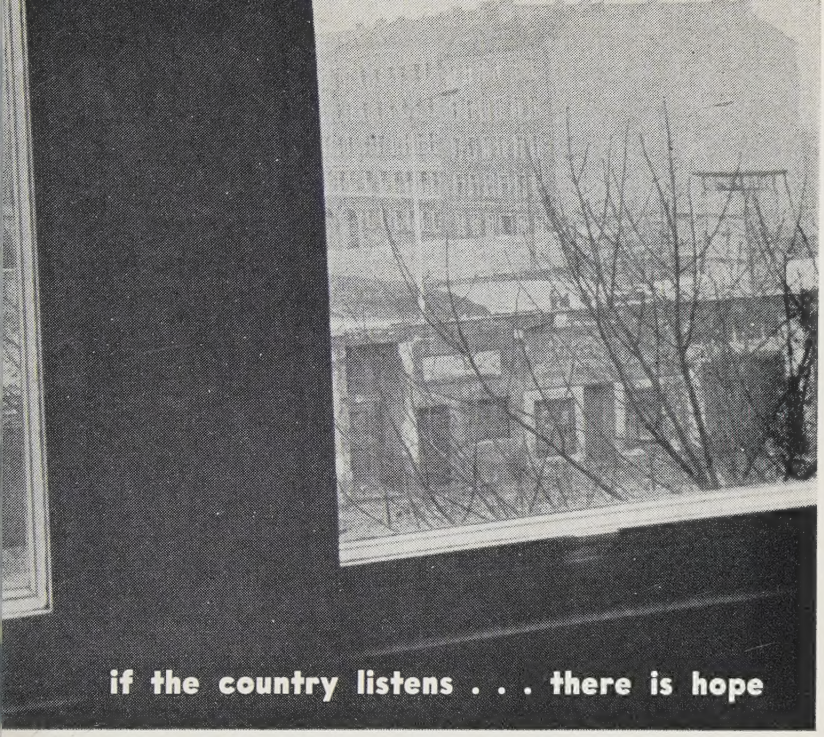
It had been a long, hectic three weeks in the new Germany. On the plane winging us back, I recalled how Rabbi Themal had attempted to sum it all up when we had been with him in Berlin.

"This is the first truly new generation in Germany," he'd said. "The first completely divorced from the Hitler era. They know of the Third Reich. But their parents will not or dare not tell them what really happened. Because their parents—many of them—were part of it.

"The young looked for idealism and democracy in government—and they got Herr Kiesinger. They looked for justice and there—in today's paper—they read that Hans Joachim Rehse, a judge who served in notorious Nazi People's Court a was responsible for the deaths scores of people who did no m than tell an anti-Hitler joke— was acquitted by a German court

"They were told that war is b and immoral and now they forced into the *Bundeswehr*. Th have a Free University but th have little voice in running it.

"And America—it is the fall an idol. They looked up to you a now they think they see feet of cl From the Russians they expec greed and violence. But they garded the Americans as superl man. That's why their disillusi ment is so bitter.



if the country listens . . . there is hope

"That is why they are looking for mething new."

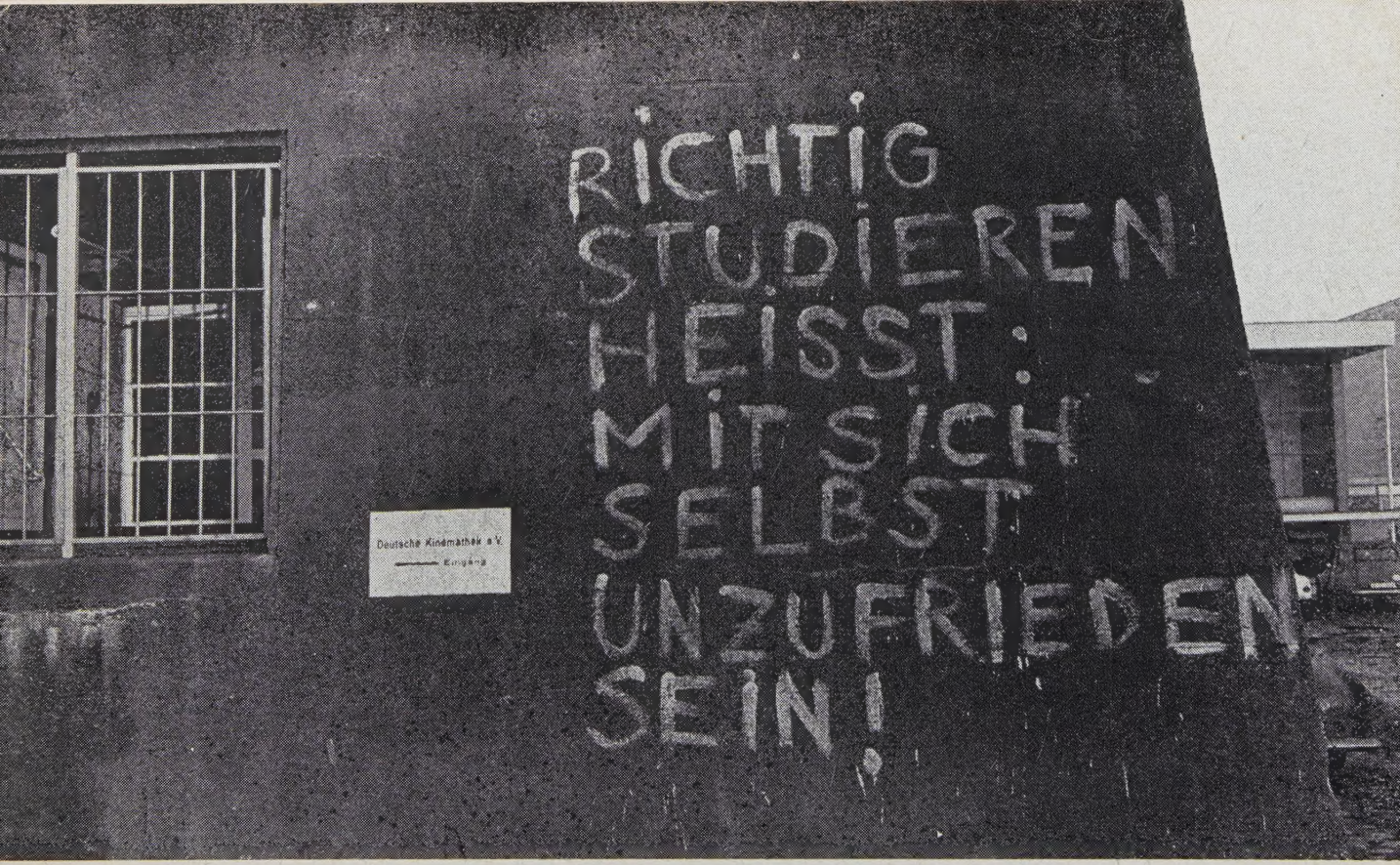
My mind went back 30 years. ıe disillusioned, then, chased illu- ɔns. They sought perfection and und perdition. Their march, in rfect cadence, began with hope of topia and ended in the despair of e bunker in Berlin.

Today's German young write their vn marching songs. They are dis- rdant and sometimes silly and ob- ene. But they are tunes of their vn. Their refrains don't end with resounding *Ja*. They end with a y question mark, a brazen chal- ıge. If the country listens, there hope.

If it does not, the songs will grow more strident. There will be violence — and counter - violence in Germany. And then will come the cry for law and order—at any price.

Another Germany once died in similar circumstances. Its name was the Weimar Republic. From its ashes rose the Third Reich.

OUR THANKS go to Mr. Hans Knight, reporter, and Mr. Ed Eckstein, photographer, for this special issue of YOUTH magazine. Last November Hans (who is a reporter for the Philadelphia "Bulletin") and Ed (a free-lance photographer) took off for Germany and came back with the excellent photos and interviews which have made up the bulk of this issue and which, we hope, will have given you an insight into German youth today.



Deutsche Kinemathek e.V.
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